NEW BOOKS.

Fair Margaret's Own Story.

Mr. S. R. Crockett's story of "May Margaret, Called 'The Fair Maid of Galloway'" (Dodd, Mead & Co.), purports to have been written by Margaret herself in old age. "I am an old woman," she says in accounting for herself at the period when she had turned historian. Not many old women, we dare say, could have conducted through so many pages a pen so animated and so playful. Repeatedly we have found ourselves thinking: This is really Mr. Crockett who is cracking jokes and dancing gaily about, and not the venerable Margaret at ...

Margaret in Mr. Crockett's first chapter words for us her impatience of the restraint imposed upon her in a French convent when she was only 18 years old. "Lord! Lord! how I hated it," she writes. "I, Margaret Douglas, who had been the petted of great men and strong men ever since I could remember." In that observation we have a considerable explanation of Margaret. She was lovely, and she knew it. What wrong for loveliness to be obliged to suffer the discipline of a nunnery! We will quote a single specification of the cruelties that she was monstrously called upon to endure:

"At 6 o'clock in the morning, black roaring winter or gracious June, out you must turn in this our Convent of the Birch—aye, though you be thrice a Princess in your own right. And they would not let you have so much as a drop of warm water in a pottery jar for the foot of your bed (mightily comforting it is to lone women!) nor even suffer you to sleep in your woolen *gonelle*, which is to say gown that hath a hood to it, and, being turned head and heels, makes an admirable nest for cold great toes a-nights. I have suffered from cold feet all my days. Indeed, if I had not, perhaps, I had been a happier woman."

Would Margaret really have made this confession? Is it not obviously Mr. Crockett making it for her? Is it not unmistakably a male person who takes it upon himself to rehearse that old fiction of the cold feet of lone ladies? It has seemed to us as though we had discovered here a rude stroke from a masculine hand.

The story has it that Margaret called the lady superior of the convent a bald cat and that she surreptitiously kissed Larry McKim, a holy abbot still in his youth, who had curly hair and came to the nunnery richly attired, riding a snow white mule. Our heroine married the Abbot Larry, strange as that may seem, and before she married him she married Lord William Douglas and Lord James Douglas, one after the other, though these two preliminary marriages, we hasten to say, were merely nominal and did not count. She had a certain pride at 18 in the prospect of matrimony, though she spoke of the same without reverence in her old age when she was composing this chronicle. A certain boastfulness, permissible in a tried and triumphant female, is observable at this point, as well as at most others. We read at page 23:

"My chief joy and safety in thus completing my education was that every one knew that I was so soon to be married—by high pontifical dispensation, Papal bull, holy cord, and four pounds of wax thereto attached—not to speak, as it were, of bell, book and candle. So they might sigh, the men of them, that is—but no one could think (no, not for a moment) that I meant any harm. Indeed, I never did, and said so frequently when the harm came."

Four pages further on the aged heroine writes, after recording something saucy that she said to the Abbot: "Larry said nothing in words, but his fingers itched visibly to box my ears—or, for aught I know, more and worse." It sounds, we say again, like Mr. Crockett, and not like the aged Margaret. Surely she would not approach recklessness so nearly. We suppose that to itch visibly is to afford the active physical signs consequent upon bodily irritation and calculated to allay it. At any rate, were we ourselves to say of anybody that he itched visibly, we should expect the reader to understand that he scratched himself.

It is impossible, much as we have the inclination, to tell all about Margaret. We will speak further only of the great cannon fired off by Malise McKim. The reader will find an account of this in the chapter entitled "Malise Does His Work." The title is quite accurate regarding Malise. That mad blacksmith wrought great havoc with his cannon. The King and the others stood around. Off went the cannon, a "doctored" monster. There were "black wedges" that had been immersed in oil. Margaret beheld them and divined. For once she was not flippant and playful. "Stop!" she cried. "I beseech you all to go away. There is danger here—perhaps death!" The King was merely angered at this interruption and warning. He called Margaret a "girl." He bruskly ordered her away.

Off went the cannon, as we have said. Margaret saved herself and the one time Abbot Larry. She records: "By this time I had my hand on the collar of Laurence's blouse, of the strong, rough stuff which he wore at his enginery. Suddenly, leaning all my weight upon it, I brought us both to the ground at the very moment when I saw Malise set his blazing match to the touchhole! The roar of the bombard was followed by a cry more great and terrible still. For a moment it seemed as if all who a moment before had stood about were lying in their blood. The great cannon had burst at the first trial. The wedges had slipped like glass. Morton had fallen on his face with his arms outspread. Angus, pale as parchment, lay wounded to the death. The King, when they went to lift him up, was dead. And as to Malise the smith, after that great explosion, in plain words—he was not!"

It is not he, but the story of him, that matters. Of him and the others. Margaret wrote readily, with much playfulness and sense of what was amusing. We believe we have said before that readers will think her more like Mr. Crockett than like an old woman. The more luck hers. An animated tale, with many words, likewise with a number of happenings.

A Lady of Ancient Spain.

Poetry comes to us in great quantity in these days, as it has done in other days or some time back. Much of it is vague, and has caused us trouble in the effort to discover whether the obscure thought was or was not worth while. We cannot say that our laborious investigations have been richly rewarded. There are certain eminent names to whose example we are inclined to believe that we are indebted for this irk that has been put upon us. We bear them no malice. We understand that we are here to suffer, and we do it with all the fairly great ability for martyrdom that is within us.

Occasionally there comes to us a poem of obvious intent and plain expression. Says Hamlet: "Beggar that I am, I am even poor in thanks, but I thank you." He voices eloquently our own emotion when we come upon a poem that is good enough not to distress us by its solemn secrecies and profound concealments. We hate to be made to feel as though we did not know anything at all, and yet the poets swarm who seem to be aiming at that particular and most ungenerous result. We are thankful, accordingly, to Mr. Osborn R. Lamb for his "Anglo-Greek play" entitled "The Iberian" (Ames & Rollinson, publishers, 203 Broadway, this city).

We have here a prelude in which the orchestra plays and the outer curtain is raised. The chorus and semi-chorus kneel and offer a recitation beginning:

> O, mighty, glorious and immortal Jove,
> Who rulest all things wisely from above,
> The source of all that is, or is to be,
> Thy faithful, loving servants e'er are we.

A choral hymn follows, from which we can permit ourselves to quote only the first two lines. These run:

> To thee we sing, O mighty Jove,
> Whose grace we ask and bounteous love.

Sweet music precedes the rising of the inner curtain upon an Athenian home about the year 435 B. C. Ailza, the Iberian, seated in the center of the stage, tells her story to Hector and Helen, who kneel and sit respectively right and left. She describes the beauties of Spain and acquaints her hearers with the story of Atlantis and the isles and continent beyond. In the course of the narrative, which has its tragical elements, Helen exclaims, "How terrible!" and Hector, "How horrible!" Helen says:

> 'Tis very, very sad, this wondrous tale,
> E'en now the tears do fill mine eyes.

Hector assents to this opinion. He declares:

> Aye, sad
> Indeed, no tragedy with it can e'er compare.

In the second scene, after a choral hymn to the evening star, Ailza utters a sentiment in eleven lines, of which we must content ourselves with quoting the eleventh part. Says Ailza:

> Ah, childhood's happy days, how bright are they.

At the last Ailza goes out in a thunderstorm, and Eros brings back dreadful information concerning her. He says at first, huskily, hesitating at the full revelation: "None can withstand the thunderbolts of Jove." Lucian, the lover, urges Eros on. "What now, fool?" he says. To this Eros answers: "She lies upon thy threshold—dead." Lucian says: "Dead?" Eros repeats: "Aye, dead." Lucian "falls into a chair at table, hides his head in his arms and sobs aloud; then a second and more distant crash of thunder is heard, followed by vivid lightning," and the curtain falls, whereafter men's voices are heard singing a dirge.

As we say, there are no obscurities about this poem. It is quite open and above board. For this reason, and for others as well, it has gratified us exceedingly.

Ivory Carvings.

To the beautiful volumes of the "Connoisseur's Library" (Methuen & Co.; G. P. Putnam's Sons) Mr. Alfred Maskell has added one on "Ivories." It is of varied merit and interest. The part for which the author cares seems to be very well done; this is the development of miniature sculpture from Roman times through the Middle Ages to the Renaissance. On reaching modern times praise often takes the place of description and, where a picture of the object is provided, usually seems exaggerated.

Even in the parts which he treats most elaborately Mr. Maskell seems to follow favorite lines in certain countries rather than to cover the whole field. This may be due to deficiencies in the collections he has studied. For Oriental, Chinese and Japanese carvings he has little to say.

Few objects could bear reproduction in illustrations better than these ivories, and the pictures, which are many, are usually charming. They do not seem to be selected always with the best of judgment, however, whether as objects of art or as illustrations of development. The book, we fancy, will gratify collectors along certain lines and will disappoint some others.

Love-Mad for the White Squaw.

The reader will feel shivers of apprehension when he comes to that point in Ridgwell Cullom's story entitled "In the Brooding Wild" (L. C. Page & Co., Boston), where the brothers Ralph and Nick Westley, having partaken of ardent drink, and having a bag of gold to their account, hear of the whereabouts of the White Squaw, and decide to go in search of her. A desperate undertaking, if there is any trust to be placed in the foreshadowings of a tale. They found the White Squaw. She was as good looking as the accounts of her had declared. She stood in the door of a dugout, "calm, serene," leaning on the muzzle of a long rifle. "Fur crowned the head, which was nobly poised." The face was marble white, set in a frame of copious black hair.

It might be supposed that a white squaw in the depths of a profound wilderness would be moved by the appearance of two white men full of an obvious admiration of her. She might have been a red squaw for all the concern that she showed. "There was not a quiver of the delicate eyelids, not a tremor of the perfect mouth" to reward them for their trouble in coming in search of her. She conversed with them in the sign language, the while they regarded her superb figure and her eyes of wondrous blue. She was communicative and hospitable if not emotional. We read:

"She told that she was Aimsa, which is the Moosefoot for blue sky; and that she was the White Squaw, the queen of her people. She indicated that she was out on a 'long trail' hunting, and that she had found herself in this valley with a snowstorm coming on. She had seen the dugout and had sought its shelter, intending to remain there until the storm had passed. She made it clear to them that a bull moose and four cows had entered the valley. She asked the brothers if, when the storm had passed, they would join her in the hunt."

Were Venus to invite an unattached and susceptible bachelor to tea, would he accept? As it happened, this dugout belonged to our two brothers. It was theirs to afford the hospitality. It was all quite beautiful. "Two great rough men, with hearts as simple and trusting as those of infants, led this stranger into their home and made it clear that the place was hers for so long as she chose." The Spaniard says that his house is yours, and does not exactly mean it, but our Ralph and our Nick meant every word that they said about their house in the sign language to the White Squaw. We do not consider that this was so tremendously to their credit. It is our opinion that any enlightened male soul would have presented his dugout to the White Squaw in exchange for her handsome company.

The snow fell that night, and it fell for five days thereafter. If the White Squaw in that time had turned into a dragon, our two brothers could not have got away from her. Of course, she continued in her beauty, and to be snowed up with her was a privilege amounting to a delirious joy. The story does not say so, but we are satisfied that the brothers cooked and washed the dishes. One does not extend hospitality to a queen and ask her to do these things. Alas! the housekeeping of these three went on for months, and the brothers grew jealous of each other. Nick blurted out his love once when his brother was absent. He said to Aimsa: "Them blue eyes o' yours go right clear through me, I guess. Makes me mad. By Gar! you're the finest crittur in the world!" We must say that this address, sincere as it was, and doubtless powerfully delivered, still seemed to us to be inadequate. It did not surprise us that the White Squaw was not won by it, though we know very well that she could not have been squeamish about the English language.

The story goes on to develop the tragedy waiting to arise from this situation. There is a chapter called "The Unquenchable Fire." There is another entitled "To the Death." We find at the last a maddened man going out in search of Aimsa. One wild beast shrinks from him, frightened by the insanity in his eye. A grizzly bear opens to him his hospitable paws. In his disordered mind the bear is the White Squaw. He dies joyously in a sufficient embrace. Wolves strip his bones. The reader will not complain of the want of strong tragedy in the tale.

Mr. Benson's FitzGerald.

The remarkable qualities shown by Mr. A. C. Benson in his biography of Rossetti appear again in the "Edward FitzGerald" of the "English Men of Letters" series (Macmillans). He is sane and impartial above all things, shirking no difficulties, yet avoiding indiscretion, stating the facts objectively and leaving the reader to draw his own inferences, and criticizing with obvious fairness. His "FitzGerald," however, will not please the Omar Khayyamites; in some respects it will satisfy nobody.

The reason is that he has little sympathy with his subject and no very high regard for his work. He looks on him as a man who frittered away his life and his talent, who is interesting for the friends he had and the letters he wrote and whose poetical work is respectable, but overestimated. That is, perhaps, the inevitable reaction from fulsome laudation and possibly not a wholly unjust estimate in a biography where the writer must take his place by the side of other English writers.

FitzGerald none the less, was no George Borrow. His failings and whimsicalities could have been put in a different light by a biographer who had some fellow feeling for him, and would not merely chronicle his acts with somewhat contemptuous disdain. There is a poet in him, even if the mob applauds him, and Mr. Benson does scant justice to his Spanish "translations." The extracts that he quotes from the letters, too, hardly do FitzGerald justice. They would not attract notice if written by any one else and often are only worth quoting because they speak of famous men

Mr. Benson cannot quite understand a man who chose to live his own life regardless of conventions and chose to write only what he pleased. His judgment of FitzGerald is perhaps fair from society's point of view, but there is a Fitzgerald side to the matter, too. It is an interesting book, all the same, and perhaps made necessary by the Omar Khayyam worship, which would have made FitzGerald sick.

Sir Charles Dilke's Story of His Wife.

The chief interest in "The Book of the Spiritual Life" by the late Lady Dilke (E. P. Dutton & Co.) will be found in the memoir of the author by her husband, the Right Hon. Sir Charles W. Dilke, Bart. Though she wrote some creditable books on French art, about which she knew a good deal, it was not as a writer that Lady Dilke was chiefly known, but as a power in English society, as Mrs. Mark Pattison no less than as the wife of her second husband.

Sir Charles writes of her in the most reverent tone, as is only the due of the woman who stood up for him in the moment of his most shameful disgrace. He tries to be as impersonal as possible by simply enumerating her successive efforts and accomplishments. The result is peculiar. We form the impression of a pushing, energetic, masterful woman of a type very common in America, which often breaks out on the woman's rights platform. She cannot have been precisely pleasant in her strenuous art student days, but she gave up art at twenty-one to marry Mark Pattison.

As his wife she made Lincoln College a social center at Oxford and at the same time managed to do an astonishing amount of writing. After she married Dilke she went into the woman's rights movement and trade unionism. She was intensely ambitious for social and political position.

The essays selected for publication by her husband are well written, as might be expected from one who had contributed to periodicals for many years, but are remarkable neither for originality nor for thought. Possibly more revelation of the woman might have explained them; the memoir, as it is written, certainly does not lead up to them. It is still on her writings on French art that Lady Dilke's literary reputation must rest.

Japan.

Once more the Japanese Department of Finance, through the kindness of Mr. Y. Sakatani, the Vice-Minister, sends us its valued "Financial and Economical Annual," the fifth, for the year 1905 (Government Printing Office, Tokyo), printed in the English language. The mass of carefully and conveniently arranged statistical information will be particularly interesting to foreigners because the figures for the war year 1904 are included, so that inferences may be drawn as to the commercial effects of the war on Japan. At the end will be found the import tariff, with the additional war charges.

Philosophers have been trying to analyze the secret of the pluck, endurance and self-sacrifice of the Japanese in the present war, and derive comfort from ascribing it to "bushido." While the remarkable organization of the Japanese resources in the present war arouses the astonishment and admiration that Prussia's readiness did thirty-five years ago and deserves study and imitation, some, perhaps, may fancy that the moral qualities shown and the readiness to die for one's country may be discovered also in the West, in the American Revolution and the civil war, not to go away from home. For those who look for some special cause, Prof. Inazo Nitobe's "Bushido, the Soul of Japan" is provided in a tenth, revised and enlarged edition, with a preface by the Rev. Dr. William Elliott Griffis (G. P. Putnam's Sons).

Some Garden Books.

Though an English book, Mr. Charles Thonger's "The Book of Garden Design" (John Lane, The Bodley Head) gives sensible, practical advice that can be easily followed, with necessary modifications, in this country. In no country has the care of gardens been studied more than in England, and perhaps, when the climate is considered, more lessons may be derived from English gardens than from any others. The illustrations are charming and admirably chosen.

A practical little volume on "Roses and How to Grow Them" opens the "Garden Library" (Doubleday, Page & Co.), which is to be a series of short monographs to aid amateur gardeners. This one appears without the author's name. It tells all about planting, rearing and protecting roses, about the insects and diseases that threaten them, and describes the varieties and the uses to which they can be put. It is illustrated very fully.

In "A Little Garden Calendar" (Henry Altemus Company, Philadelphia), Mr. Albert Bigelow Paine endeavors to import horticultural and agricultural information into the nursery. His method is the old fashioned one of stringing on a slender thread of story pretty solid chunks of instruction. Perhaps ingenuous youth may still be enticed to knowledge by this means.

Civil War Recollections.

Among the valuable records of the civil war the accounts of the deeds of single regiments are perhaps as interesting as any. They give individuality to the story and limit the egotism which a personal narrative might have. The Twenty-first Wisconsin Infantry had the opportunity to play a gallant part in the decisive campaigns. It fought at Chickamauga and Chattanooga and marched with Sherman to the sea and then followed Johnston north. Its story is told in "Echoes of the Civil War," by Col. Michael H. Fitch (R. F. Fenno & Co.). The story suffers somewhat in authority by judgments about men and events which are necessarily made after the event. The author's estimate of Gen. Thomas will be accepted by many who may not acquiesce in sharp criticisms of some other commanders. The regiment fought bravely in important battles and suffered severely. Its story is inspiring as a record of duty well done.

Various papers contributed to periodicals at different times by Gen. Henry Edwin Tremain have been collected in a volume entitled "Two Days of War, a Gettysburg Narrative and Other Excursions" (Bonnell, Silver & Bowers, New York). The first part of the book consists of several papers relating to the battle of Gettysburg; this is followed by articles and reports describing the condition of the South in the reconstruction period, by an oration on Gen. Hooker, by a discussion of the battle of Chancellorsville and by some miscellaneous papers. Most of the articles are familiar to military historians, who will be glad to find them collected in this convenient shape.

The Scribner Stevenson.

Four more volumes of the pretty and handy "Biographical" edition of Robert Louis Stevenson's works published by Charles Scribner's Sons have come to us, making ten that have appeared out of twenty-four. These comprise "Island Nights' Entertainments," "An Inland Voyage," "Familiar Studies" and "The Wrecker," written in conjunction with Mr. Osbourne. A desire to keep the external appearance of the volumes uniform has led to what seems to us a mistake in taste. The chief attraction of this edition, next to the convenient pocket size, is the handsome page found in all the longer stories. This is ruined by the double leading needed to increase the bulk of the "Inland Vogage," and the "Island Nights."

Mrs. Stevenson's introductions to the South Pacific books have some information in them and perhaps were worth printing. That to the "Inland Voyage" is vapid and out of taste. To the "Familiar Studies," fortunately, there is no preface save Stevenson's own. This edition is the most satisfactory for general use that we have seen.

Other Books.

A model of what a biography should not be is offered in the "Schubert," by Mr. Edmonstoune Duncan, in the "Master Musicians" series (J. M. Dent & Co.; E. P. Dutton & Co.). The book is condensed from larger and more authoritative biographies, but in the condensation the author has lost sight of the essentials in his care for trivial details. The criticism of the musical compositions is expressed in the set phrases that are meaningless to the general reader, who will hardly be to blame if he considers the "Erl König" to be the most important of Schubert's compositions. The stress the author puts on that one piece seems due to its having been published separately, while many of Schubert's more beautiful songs are not mentioned because they are grouped together in the publisher's catalogues with which the author seems to be chiefly familiar. It seems rather preposterous, too, to attach so much importance to what the author calls the introduction of Schubert to England. If a bibliography had to be given it should have been complete to be of any use. Book learning cannot compensate for lack of intelligence of the musician and his real music in the case of a man like Franz Schubert.

There is a surfeit of books about China written from the Western standpoint. What is needed now is description of facts as they are, what the Germans would call an "objective" view. The Chinese question is one that most civilized nations must deal with right away, and several honest attempts which have been made of late to explain the actual state of things will help in the settlement. The volume on "Chinese Life in Town and Country" (G. P. Putnam's Sons), which Mr. H. N. Twitchell has translated from the French of Emile Bard, is not among these. It belongs to a class of narratives that has been put out of date by recent events in the East. The author looks on the people he undertakes to describe with a jaundiced eye, as the following wholesale indictment of a nation will show: "From the national disregard for sincerity and exactness emanate the exasperating practises of fraud, dissimulation, trickery and squeezing, which are the cause of so much of the antipathy existing between the Chinese and foreigners." If there is one thing on which recent authors on China are agreed it is the honesty and regard for contracts of the Chinese, usually put in rather invidious contrast to the slipperiness of the Japanese. M. Bard describes many things in China as others have done before him, and rarely has a good word for anything he finds.

Much information about the Russian Jews in New York, Philadelphia and Chicago has been collected by various hands and is published under the editorship of Dr. Charles S. Bernheimer, with the title "The Russian Jew in the United States" (The John C. Winston Company). Of the thirty odd contributors all but two, to judge by the names, are Jews. They regard the subject from many sociological points of view, with the optimism that belongs to that science and which extends to hope for the success of Jewish agricultural settlements.

Early American music is the subject of Mr. O. G. Sonneck's learned monographs "Francis Hopkinson, the First American Poet-Composer, and James Lyon, Patriot, Preacher, Psalmodist" (printed for the author by H. L. McQueen, Washington). Every step in the author's investigation is put before the reader, who will be able to weigh all the evidence, though he may doubt whether the object justifies the labor expended. The new Wagnerian standard of the composer's writing his own words is adopted by the author, and according to this Hopkinson is the first of the Americans, though Lyon runs him close. The Hopkinson is the Judge and the signer of the Declaration of Independence, and the story of his inventiveness is very interesting. At the end of the volume specimens are given of the work of both composers, words and music.

The mysteries of the feminine toilet are laid bare in "The Fountain of Youth," by Grace Peckham Murray, M. D. (Frederick A. Stokes Company). They were first revealed in a fashion magazine, and we assume that the directions given are such as women will follow. When it comes to the discussion of wrinkles, of the care of mouth, teeth, eyes, nose, hands and feet, respectful males will look away in spite of the pictures of attractive young women used to illustrate the processes.

Apparently the American branch of the Oxford University Press has undertaken to popularize the works of the Right Hon. James Bryce, D. C. L., by issuing them in a cheap edition. Though set up in America, as we fancy for college text books, in the "Marriage and Divorce" and the "Constitutions" we cannot help missing the handsome typography of the Clarendon Press. The two volumes are excerpts from the "Studies in History and Jurisprudence," and each is provided with a new preface by the author.

With volume XVI. of the "Early Western Travels, 1748-1846" (The Arthur H. Clark Company, Cleveland), which Dr. Reuben Gold Thwaites edits, the "Account of an Expedition From Pittsburgh to the Rocky Mountains" under Major S. H. Long, written by Edwin James, is completed, this making the third volume. Blundering though the expedition was, the results from the historical point were important, and James's narrative is very interesting.

Setters and spaniels are described in Part III. of Mr. James Watson's excellent and beautifully illustrated work "The Dog Book" (Doubleday, Page & Co.). Both kinds of dog appeal strongly to the affections, and the pictures are very attractive. It is rather amusing to find the author tripping in his own French while correcting the French of his predecessors; but that does not affect his dog lore.

A series of admirable photographs, of unequal interest, will be found in an album called "The Book of the United States Navy" (The A. B. Benesch Co., New York). There are large pictures of all the battleships, cruisers, monitors and smaller vessels, with several of the destroyers and torpedo boats, portraits of the Admirals, of many Captains and commanders of lower rank, and a great many groups on shipboard. The last are needlessly numerous and rouse the suspicion that some of the pictures were taken for the gratification of the crews of particular ships. There are many, however, of permanent interest and importance. It would have been well to have omitted the vessels under construction, as those pictures cast a needless doubt on the others, which are genuine and good photographs.

Book reviews must have an interest in themselves as well as literary merit to deserve perpetuation in book form. Neither quality is conspicuous in the short articles that Mr. H. W. Nevinson has collected under the title "Books and Personalities" (John Lane, The Bodley Head). The author prefixes two longer essays on Heine and on Goethe. Why Englishmen will meddle with Heine it is difficult to comprehend. They either misunderstand him wholly or else are unable to express in English what he is. Mr. Nevinson properly enough protests against Matthew Arnold's Philistine view of the German poet, but he is guilty of worse outrage on Heine than Arnold dreamt of in the renderings he gives of the poems.

A bright little book for children, containing a pair of amusing little imps, though with hardly any story, and suffering from being a link in a series, is Marian W. Wildman's "Theodore and Theodora" (L. C. Page & Co.). It is written with some of the deference that is due to children.

Books Received.

"Memoirs of a Royal Chaplain, 1729-1763." Edited by Albert Hartshorne. (John Lane, The Bodley Head.)

"A History of All Nations. Vol. IX. The Age of Feudalism and Theocracy." Hans Prutz, Ph. D. (Lea Brothers & Co., Philadelphia.)

"Daughters of the Faith." Eliza O'B. Lummis. (The Knickerbocker Press, New York.)

"A Twentieth Century Idealist." Henry Pettit. (The Grafton Press.)

"Books and Personalities." H. W. Nevinson. (John Lane, The Bodley Head.)

"Letters of Amicus Written in the Town of Hayville." (The Spectator Company, New York.)

"Stray Leaves From a Soul's Book." (Richard G. Badger, Boston.)

"The Judgment of Paris." Peter Fandel. (The Poet Lore Company, Boston.)

"Sound and Motion in Wordsworth's Poetry." May Tomlinson. (The Poet Lore Company.)

"Girdle of Gladness." Arad Joy Sebring. (Richard G. Badger.)

"The Elegies of Tibullus." Theodore C. Williams. (Richard G. Badger.)

"The Storm of London." F. Dickberry. (Herbert B. Turner & Co., Boston.)

"Paths to Power." Frank W. Gunsaulus. (Fleming H. Revell Company.)

"The Sunny Side of the Street." Marshall P. Wilder. (Funk & Wagnalls Company.)

"Special Method in Arithmetic." Charles A. McMurry, Ph. D. (Macmillans.)

"Longfellow's The Song of Hiawatha." Edited by Elizabeth J. Fleming. (Macmillans.)

"Danish Fairy Legends and Tales." Hans Christian Andersen. (Macmillans.)

"The Saint Lawrence." Samuel Edward Dawson. (Frederick A. Stokes Company.)

"Our Little French Cousins." Blanche McManus. (L. C. Page & Co., Boston.)

"The Return to the Trails." Charles G. D. Roberts. (L. C. Page & Co.)

"The Little People of the Sycamore." Charles G. D. Roberts. (L. C. Page & Co.)

"A Little Puritan Cavalier." Edith Robinson. (L. C. Page & Co.)

"Parisians Out of Doors." F. Berkeley Smith. (Funk & Wagnalls Co.)

"The Cap and Gown, 1905." (The University of Chicago.)

QUIET DAY AT OYSTER BAY.

The President Takes a View of Improvements Made in His Absence.

OYSTER BAY, N. Y., June 30.—President Roosevelt got up early this morning and looked over the many improvements about the place made since he left last year. Then he took a brisk horseback ride. He rowed about the bay at the foot of the hill with Mrs. Roosevelt in the afternoon. Before noon Judge W. J. Calhoun of Danville, Ill., called at the President's house on personal business. Marcus Braun of the Immigration Bureau, who recently returned from Austria-Hungary, called on Secretary Loeb to-day, but did not visit the Hill. Mr. Braun's mission was to discover the attitude of the Austrian Government toward immigration.

Senator Shelby M. Cullom of Illinois, chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations, telephoned Mr. Loeb from New York this morning asking whether he could see the President. The reply was in the affirmative, but later Senator Cullom telephoned that he was obliged to go to Washington instead. It is supposed his intended visit had something to do with the peace negotiations.